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Curtain of Trees

"THERE were some trees, glimpses of fields, a road. How could one guess what went on just outside this narrow horizon?" That which was just outside was Buchenwald. The man who wrote these words (in the *New Leader*, July 21) was Léon Blum. "We spent two full years at Buchenwald. How much did we see and know of the atrocities? We were there at the center of all those horrors, but during long months we were completely ignorant of what was going on . . . We had not the least notion that beyond this slight curtain of trees there were crowded thousands upon thousands of deported political prisoners—and among them so many Frenchmen—suffering, desperate, dying . . . Now and then during the night there would drift in through the open windows a strange odor like that from a crematory. We wondered about this. But we had no clue by which to unravel this mystery of the air. Our ignorance was not lessened in any way until after the bombardment in August 1944." Then, of course, the wonderful system broke down completely.

Léon Blum was inside the camp. Outside the camp there would be roads, fields, trees and then there would be villages, German villages, and it may very likely be a forbidden thought, but it has come into our heads that in these villages there would be Germans who, until they were taken and forced to look at the corpses, could have written as wrote Léon Blum.

The Latest in Good Neighborliness

DEMONSTRATIONS on the part of politically-conscious college students are an old story throughout Latin America; they are linked with the comparably strong tendency of Central and South American peoples to political coups and revolutions. Nevertheless certain recent developments indicate a stronger leaning toward genuine political democracy in several South American countries. The recent election of Dr. José Luís Bustamente of the National Democratic Front of Peru, for instances, looks as if it might "take" this time, although the untimely death of Marshal Benavides has removed from the scene a man whose influence had restrained the army all through the June election.

From time to time, recently, it has been the contention of various COMMONWEAL articles and editorials that due to the pressures of this war the actual conduct of this nation's Latin American policy tended to strengthen anti-democratic forces. The way we armed Brazil when fears for the bulge toward Africa were most violent, and then proceeded to prop up the existing Vargas régime by gestures and munitions is paralleled only by our insistence that the present dictatorial Argentine government be invited to the San Francisco Conference. Our policy has, in fact, as this magazine has heretofore indicated, sorely disheartened the democratic forces in the two leading nations of South America.

The change of ambassadors at Buenos Aires may well be the sign of a more enlightened turn in our Latin American policy, now that the European pressure is off. The outspokenness of our new envoy, Mr. Spruille Braden, has already had marked results. More indicative of popular feeling than the personal attacks of pro-Government publicists was the warm political demonstration which his return to the Argentine capital from the Santa Fé Province recently inspired. Another straw is the stronger non-collaboration line which the Argentine Radical Party is taking.

There is a certain parallel between government intervention in business in the United States and our wartime "intervention" in the internal affairs of our neighboring countries. Just as the era of *laissez-faire* was in actuality the era of an extreme protective tariff arrived at through terrific pressures from private interests, so our recent Good Neighbor policy did in fact strengthen certain political tyrants whom various peoples wished to turn out of office. Can United States "intervention" now take a form comparable to that which New Deal intervention in domestic business took without encroaching unduly upon the national sovereignties of others? To do so is not easy. And it would be foolhardy to have as an objective the setting up in Latin America of the political forms which we have

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developed here in the United States. The problem is how to enable certain of these peoples to express their political will without actual intervention on our part. One step would be to maintain only the most formal diplomatic contacts with anti-democratic governments, while expressing upon every occasion—à la Mr. Braden—the warmest kinship with the truly democratic aspirations of the bulk of the people.

Stimulating Scientific Research

ON JULY 18 the White House made public the text of a report by Dr. Vanevar Bush, Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, urging the establishment of a national research foundation. A few days later the Senate Subcommittee on War Mobilization recommended the establishment of a national science foundation, with much the same purposes, as an independent Federal agency. Meanwhile a considerable number of bills have been introduced in Congress to the same intent, the most recent and most publicized of which has just been brought before the Senate by Messrs. Kilgore, Pepper and Johnson.

In other words, everyone seems suddenly to have become hot and bothered about the necessity of insuring US leadership in scientific research of all sorts, and, with this the general temper, we are certain to see passed without much difficulty and fairly soon legislation committing the Federal Government to the support of basic, medical and military research and the development of an adequate scientifically trained research personnel. On several points all of these proposals are substantially in agreement. The most important of these is that the government shall act as a lubricator rather than a director of the program. In every case the plan is to subsidize individuals and private institutions so that they may devote themselves to a broader program of investigation than would otherwise be possible. Thus Dr. Bush would have his "agency promote research through contracts or grants to organizations outside the Federal Government. It should not operate any laboratories of its own. Support of basic research in the public and private colleges, universities and research institutes must leave the internal control of policy, personnel and the method and scope of the research to the institutions themselves. This is of the utmost importance."

Some advocates of this research agency would like to see specifically military aspects of the work kept separate from basic and medical research; all are agreed that we shall have to build up a complete system of scientific investigation so that we may no longer remain dependent upon the international system of the past, with its strong focal point in Germany. Under the circumstances, this development is inevitable, and it is a sign of maturity that we now recognize a national obligation to support what in the past has been almost entirely either a labor of love, a device to avoid taxes, or a scheme to increase profits. But surely it is essential that the legislation finally passed make some provision that the results of the research supported out of the public purse be itself in the public domain; otherwise our private patent and monopoly system will to a very large extent cancel out the benefits promised by such legislation.

Mussolini—Alone

EXTRACTS from the Ciano diary have been appearing in the press (Copyright Chicago *Daily News*) and it is so darkly a lunatic world they reveal that one looks at it feeling that it is morbid to look at it. It is a narrow, closed world lived in really by one man alone, Mussolini. Everyone else is outside.

The King is outside but it would not have mattered where he was. He liked the date chosen for Italy's entering the war—June 11—"perhaps because of his birthday (November 11) and perhaps because as a recruit he was assigned No. 1,111." So what would it have mattered where he was?

The Pope is outside and his voice when it is heard is the voice of someone who believes in Christmas—a holiday which "reminds only of the birth of a Jew who gave debilitating and devitalizing theories to the world, and who especially weakened Italy through the disintegrating power of the Popes. . . . The Vicar of God should never speak. He should remain among the clouds." (That is Ciano quoting Mussolini.)

The Italian people are outside and that is just as well because "the Italian race is a race of sheep. Eighteen years are not enough to change them. It requires 180, and maybe 180 centuries." A race of sheep and, alternately, "a prostitute that prefers a winner." So what would they have to do with deciding whether or not to declare war; all they can do is to suffer the war and lose it. Nothing outside Mussolini's closed world makes any sense. A telegram arrived from President Roosevelt addressed to King Victor Emmanuel pleading for his intervention to stop the war in Europe. "It does not seem to make much sense," comments Ciano. How could it? "He [Mussolini] does not want to obtain this or that. He wants war. If he could obtain double his claims by peaceful means he would refuse." (Ciano is speaking again.)

Outside that world also are strange secondary figures such as the Duke of Spoleto who was supposed to become the ruler of Croatia. "A few nights ago," writes Ciano, "in a place near Piazza

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Colonna he wrapped a twisted towel around his head in imitation of a crown to the applause of the waiters and the owner. The owner, a certain Ascensio, spends part of his time in the kitchen and part in jail. He is one of Il Duce's best friends."

Alone, uncounseled, in his madness Mussolini dreamed his narrow provincial dreams of Empire, hardly knowing what was outside his room.

Education After the War

A COMMITTEE of the faculty of Harvard University has recently published the results of a two-year study in a volume entitled "General Education in a Free Society." We have not had an opportunity to examine the entire text of this report, but the account given in a special dispatch to the New York *Times* indicates its main lines of approach. That newspaper further informs us that the report has been received with great favor by the Harvard faculty and that it is extremely likely that those sections of the report which relate specifically to Harvard will be adopted by the faculty of Harvard College.

The core of what is recommended by the twelve members of this special committee is very simple. Obviously they, and those with whom they consulted, were principally moved by an awareness of the fact that American education has almost universally failed to supply what might be called "common ground" for all the citizens of our republic. The undoubted stressing of vocational and trade subjects in our high schools has tended more and more to substitute training for education. Of course training is important, since citizens must make their livings. But if education is sacrificed almost entirely to training, citizens tend to cease to be citizens. On the college level fragmentation has been the great evil. In almost any American college, with a few honorable exceptions, it has been easily possible for a boy or girl to earn a degree without having received any substantial general education whatever, however intensively he or she may have studied a special subject.

What the Harvard committee recommends is a "core" curriculum built around English, the social sciences, pure science and mathematics. Every high school student, whether or not he intends to go to college, should be required to take half of his total program in these three fields. It would be well if he could be induced to take twelve out of sixteen high school units in these fields. The recommendations for Harvard are along the same line. All students shall be required to take a minimum of six out of the sixteen courses for the bachelor's degree in general education. Of these six, at least one each would be in the humanities, the social sciences and the natural sciences. A number of new courses are suggested for these general areas. It will please proponents of the St. John's, Annapolis, plans to discover that one course is labeled "Great Texts of Literature." Another is called "Western Thought and Institutions." And all high school students are to take a thorough course in American history.

If our educational experience of the last few years indicates anything at all, it indicates that some such reform as is here suggested is truly essential; without it there would be grave danger that America might lose all cultural unity. But in advocating this change we must not forget that there is a real value in the elective system. It has helped countless students to discover genuine intellectual interests; at its best it is not altogether a fragmentating factor, since there is a certain universality in all intellectual disciplines if they are pursued far enough below the surface. That every educated American should have a fund of knowledge in common with all his fellows is essential; it is equally essential that he discover a special field of interest, appealing to and developing his own peculiar talent.

Utilizing Our Ships

FOR the second time this week Harvard made the headlines in a matter of national importance. The School of Business Administration issued the definitive report on our wartime Merchant Marine. By the end of this year this country will have 62 percent of the world's merchant shipping as compared with 16 percent in 1938. It is obvious that we cannot utilize even the major portion of this vast fleet in the pursuits of peace. And the Harvard report recommends a reduction from the current total of 5,500 ocean-going ships (of over 2,000 tons) to 1,325 vessels, with 1,000 more to be kept in first-class condition as a reserve for the military.

The report recommends that as a maximum 1,000 more of the remaining ships be sold to foreign nations. It is worth pausing at this point. The present state of impoverishment and economic impotence of most of the formerly occupied nations is one of the worst obstacles to any real peace. Peoples who normally lived at best at the margin of subsistence have now had even that meager livelihood taken away. And it would seem that American efforts to consolidate the peace must concentrate upon these liberated nations which, unaided, will remain irreparably ruined. Greece is one striking example, and her national income depended heavily upon her shipping. Only by strategic replacements such as this can the rehabilitation in which Americans have so vital an interest be brought about. The Harvard report comes not a moment too soon.

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A Sense of Shared Guilt

The mood and future of Europe

Percy Winner

IN A recent article, "Creative Writing in Wartime," Robert Gorham Davis combined in a single paragraph the two principal and mutually contradictory literary currents which may be expected to flow out of the common stream of preoccupation with the implications of the war. He wrote: "The novels and essays of Koestler, the wave of enthusiasm for Kierkegaard and the concern in recent French literature with metaphysical aspects of the individual consciousness, all suggest that if there is a reaction after the war it may result in a somber philosophical and religious literature preoccupied with human limitations, with natural evil and with a sense of shared guilt. If the purposes of the Atlantic Charter and the San Francisco conference are realized, the sense of widened boundaries, of increased historic possibility, will have the positive literary effect that it has had in previous periods of expansion throughout western European history."

These two currents flow in opposite directions from a central fount, the second World War in a single generation; and discernible in these literary trends is a growing general awareness that the tragedy of the war is the epitome of the disastrous and unsolved problem of nationalism. Neither Koestler nor Kierkegaard has more than a tiny public in this country; existentialism of which the influence, starting before the first war, has now after the second become widespread throughout western Europe, has scarcely scratched the surface of our vanguard weeklies; and the new Nietzschean cult which is also spreading rapidly in Europe has claimed virtually no attention here.

If, as Mr. Davis accurately suggests, France is the country in which the first of the two currents is more noticeable, America is the country of the second. The essential difference between the two, paradoxical as it may seem on the surface, is between vanquished and victor. The mood not only of France but of Italy, even of Britain, indeed of western Europe generally is of defeat. England won the war, to be sure, but at a cost in every conceivable sense—personal as well as national, human as well as economic, moral as well as material, spiritual as well as political, comparable to the cost France paid for what looked like victory in the first World War.

It has been said that the French débâcle of 1939-1940 was made at Verdun in 1917; the British look forward with anxiety to the future consequences of their equivalent of Verdun—the battle of Britain; and many of them feel that this time, although they have won the war, they are not sure whether they have won the last battle. Whatever Italian politicians may find it expedient to say, the Italians know that they were defeated, and their country's national existence jeopardized. From Sweden through the Low Countries to Spain, the peoples of the west, neutrals as well as belligerents, enemies of the Germans as well as friends of the Germans, all share in one way or another, in one degree or another, the sense of defeat. But it is in France that this sense, more subtle and complex than anywhere else, is more pronounced and potentially dangerous; for France is caught midway between Britain's bitter victory and Italy's thinly sugar-coated defeat.

As in 1940, the French lived through a *sitzkrieg* which we called the phony war, so are they now living through a *sitzsieg,* a phony victory. So the first of the two currents is specifically European, the result of physical hurt and psychological travail of a kind and degree we in America have not experienced. Philosophical and religious, it expresses a retreat inward into the individual from the torments of exposure to the clash of nationalisms. In it there are the sense of defeat, despair, guilt; the degradation of weakness, inferiority, loss of dignity and pride; and, above all, hopelessness and resignation. In France, Italy, even in England although naturally in a lesser degree, defeatist doubt saps at the faith, so widespread and strong among Americans, that the purposes of the Atlantic Charter and the San Francisco conference can be realized, that boundaries can be widened, historic possibilities increased.

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Yet our hopefulness, for we who share with the Russians the sense of victory and boundless power and opportunity also share with them the second of the two literary currents, stems from the same source as the Europeans' despair. The

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same problem which makes them turn inward from the social cohesions of nationality to the recesses of individual personality, makes us turn outward toward the goal of some workable internationality. Instead of being concerned with the metaphysical aspects of the individual consciousness, we are under the surface of our practical determination to achieve a sound and viable world order also concerned with the metaphysical aspects of internationalism. We are a practical people and the practical aspects of the task before us are obvious; unless we prevent a third world war, we may find ourselves after that one in the same or a worse situation than the one in which the western Europeans find themselves after this one; a solution of the problem of nationalism must be found.

But we are also a messianic people. The two strains, practical materialism and crusading idealism, have been present among us from the earliest days; long before we were a nation, the two were intermingled in the hearts and minds of the men and women who came to these shores. In the words of Archibald MacLeish, America has always been promises, and the promise of the fulfilment of the aspiration to freedom and spiritual growth has always accompanied the promise of the realization of material well-being. In confronting the problem of internationalism, we bring to it the effects upon our thinking of the two most extraordinary aspects of our nationalism. Unlike the people of any nation of the old world, we did not inherit our nation; we created it on virgin soil; it is democratic as no other outside the Americas is, for it was made consciously and deliberately by the will, faith and deed of a people whose forebears had been born to other nationalities. Unlike any other nation outside the Americas, ours profited by a geographical isolation which produced and kept alive a sense of difference and of uniqueness.

Always expansionist, the myth of our nationalism is the limitless possibility of historic improvement. Our isolation is gone but our sense of uniqueness remains and with it a new sense of national power; as we created a nation, we can play the major rôle in creating the United Nations. Nationality is not pre-ordained, inexorably determined, inescapable; war is not a fatality beyond prevention; with will, faith and deed, the nations can be joined in an international organization and war can be indefinitely postponed if not altogether avoided.

So, the second of the two literary currents which may be expected to emerge in the coming years is specifically American. The Europeans of the west are unlikely to contribute much to it; moreover they are likely to suspect that our messianic internationalism is not disinterested, for their historic experience does not permit them to conceive of, let alone count on an altrustic, truly idealistic internationalism. Never in European history has there been a universalism which has not served the interest of a particular creed or an internationalism which has not served the interest of a particular nation. From the ruins of the German "new world order," from the wreckage of the national structure of Europe with the problems of nationalism worse than they were before, they look to the east and see in Russia another universalist-internationalism, another political religion seeking converts in all nations but, in their eyes, serving the interests of a single nation.

Yet, to many Americans who share such a view of the Russians, it comes as a surprise that not inconsiderable numbers of Europeans should find almost as much ground for cynicism and suspicion in our own professions of internationalist idealism. To such Europeans, the United Nations, superficially and apparently a concert of all the nations, is in essence a device of two non-European nations to postpone the next war by conducting the political equivalent of military conflict on the soil of Europe and at the expense of the European nations. To them, the new internationalism is no solution of the problems of European nationalism; the operation on the world's ailing body politic may conceivably be a success for the two non-European surgeons, but the European patient will have died.

Recalling that after the first war, the internationalists argued that another war would destroy civilization, they believe that the second war did in fact destroy European nationalist civilization. Recognizing that a third war may well destroy what remains of civilization, they can not be expected to be as concerned about that as Americans or Russians. The significance of the retreat of the European into himself is that, not Germany, the destroyed, but the western Europeans, the vanquished, are going underground. They are seeking in themselves a renewal of the bases of their civilization. Deprived of the sources of material and national power, they are looking for new sources of non-material and individual power, for they expect—and in some cases, welcome—the probability that America and Russia will destroy each other's material and national power. Nor is such an attitude more cynical than that of the many Americans and Englishmen who for years hoped that Russia and Germany would destroy each other. Indeed, the attitude is far less cynical and selfish, for the Europeans do not conceive of a united Europe, a federation or a congeries of European nations replacing either America or Russia or both as the great world power.

On the contrary, they foresee the inevitable clash between America and Russia as the last of

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the nationalist wars because such a conflict would finally hurl against each other for an ultimate show-down two forces whose ever-increasing antagonism did most to produce the disastrous problem of modern nationalism.

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The problem is about a century and a half old. In the twilight of feudalism, a Corsican who became a Frenchman and also the first of the great Europeans, foresaw—perhaps through his intuition—that only on a continental scale could the nascent economy of industrialism function adequately. He tried and failed to win a continent, and the heritage of his failure was the first phase of modern European nationalism. It took nearly a century for Europe to shake off the shackles of feudalism and to come abreast of Napoleon's vision. By then, each of the non-European nations, America, Russia, China, had a continent, and Great Britain, through her imperialism, had more than a continent.

Only Europe had neither a continental nation nor a continental economy, and in the new economy, any nation which was less than a continent or had less than an empire of "lesser peoples" to exploit was wracked by the torments of class war, by a sterile and tragic struggle between the haves and the have-nots. In the first World War, the Germans tried to win a continent for themselves; the socialists remained loyal to the Kaiser because this was a war of "popular imperialism," for the German have-nots as well as for the German haves. In the second World War, even a continent was not enough as a national basis for the new expansionist economy of scientific mass production, and the Germans tried to create a one-power internationalism.

In its first phase, it was to content itself with a continent, Europe, and America was to be left to the Americans, Asia to the Japanese, Africa to the Italians; but that was only the first phase. Again the have-nots of Germany fought shoulder to shoulder with the haves, for in the one-power internationalism there was no longer any need for class war. That, stripped of the many accessory and extraneous elements which shrouded the essence of nazism, was the meaning of fascism in its final form. Napoleon had been the first to transform civil war into crusading international war, to fuse the energies of domestic conflict into a national struggle for continental expansion. Mussolini resumed the pattern, and Hitler expanded it from the continental to the world framework. In essence, however, the forces involved remained those of domestic civil war; and if America and Russia should clash, it would be the ultimate civil war on the grandest scale between the inheritor of an old feudalism, America, and the progenitor of a new feudalism, Russia.

Western European literature in its preoccupation with "human limitations, with natural evil and with a sense of shared guilt" mirrors a widespread tendency to track down to its deepest origins the fundamental conflict which expresses itself in intra-national class war and international war. It is not the dominance of the big powers which creates their doubts about the United Nations. To call either China or France a big power is a political euphemism, and Britain, while big in the relative sense, will inevitably become, in the power sense, an appendage either of America or Russia.

The expectation is that the United Nations, as a two-power internationalism, will destroy itself in war as the German one-power internationalism did; that the first or imperialist world war which was followed by a second or continental world war will in turn be followed by a third and real world war. As citizens of the various western European nations, the Europeans, defeated after two victories, can only suffer a third defeat in another war; they have little left to lose but, as Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians, they have nothing whatsoever to gain from such a war.

As Europeans, however, they might get from the overwhelming human disaster of such a conflict the opportunity to end for a century or two the vicious circle of civil wars and national wars. For such a war would be the final *reductio ad absurdum,* of which Germany was the warning portent, of a struggle between the haves and have-not which leads to the destruction or defeat of both. If such a cosmic holocaust is conceivable—and to many Europeans it is even likely rather than merely conceivable, how can guilt be apportioned?

Is not man himself, every man and all men, a participant in the guilt, and how can such a concept of universal guilt be approached if not by "a somber philosophical and religious literature preoccupied with human limitations?" If anything so cosmically evil is conceived, must we not be concerned with "natural evil" and again find ourselves in an area in which only the deepest penetration of human consciousness will provide insight? Yet, not even so acute and sensitive an American observer as Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick sees this aspect of the problem when she says that "the question of what to put in place of the old Europe is the stumping problem of the peace" and that "the Soviet and the democratic systems have to decide what they are going to do to make Europe safe for the world."

Pointing out that "a considerable part of Europe is already living in a new cave age," that "when one sees people who once had homes, decent clothes, ambitions, human manners, grubbing in the fields like animals for roots to eat, one does not see revolutionary forces, or con-

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structive forces, but only spent forces, the breakdown of a civilization," she sees only the material side of the European debacle. In her equation of order with material order, of civilization with homes, clothes, ambitions, manners, food, she forgets that the greatest of all civilizations came from men who lived in caves and grubbed for roots. While America and Russia are deciding what they are going to do to make Europe safe for the world, there are Europeans—some in caves—who, feeling that the world is not yet safe for Europe, are seeking in themselves the answer to why man must make the world unsafe for himself. For they feel that the destruction of Europe may have been the last warning that the wonderful material civilization which Europe originally created will destroy itself utterly and completely unless the seeds of its self-destructiveness are discovered and isolated.

Defeated, despairing, guilty; weak, inferior; hopeless of their material future and resigned to the completion of that cosmic civil war of which they, themselves, are already the victims, they are, nevertheless, seeking in themselves the roots of the conflict of which the cosmic civil war is the ultimate projection.

While American writers consider how to understand and get along with the Russians, Europeans are considering their relationship to themselves and to God; while Americans of the intellectual vanguard are trying to reconcile Marx with Freud, Europeans are trying to discover whether both Marx and Freud can be reconciled with Christ. It is not merely chance that religious leaders and ecclesiastics played an important rôle in the resistance movements or that the foreign ministers of two European nations and cabinet ministers in nearly all the European nations have religious affiliations. Religion which was to Marx the opium of the people and to Freud an obsessional neurosis, has become a vital element in the philosophical and political currents of contemporary Europe. Nor is Christianity, Catholic or Protestant, the only religion which plays a rôle; there are personal creeds, some of them none the less religious for being informal or even atheistic. Mrs. McCormick who finds no revolutionary forces and sees only spent forces fails to see the drive toward what Koestler calls the synthesis of the saintly and the revolutionary, toward the recovery of "the lost half of our personalities, man's wholeness and holiness."

If an American as well informed about European psychology as Mrs. McCormick tends to ignore the spiritual overtones, it is to be expected that the ordinary American would fail to feel them altogether. If he did feel them, however, he would probably jump to the conclusion that there is an unbridgeable canyon, a total antithesis between the European currents—despairing, introspective, self-questioning, philosophical, religious—and the American currents—hopeful, extroverted, confident, expansive, political, sociological. Yet, both flowing from the same source, each in its own way is religious, and the essential differences merely reflect different historical experiences.

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Our patriotism has always contained an element of voluntary, individual communion in a common political idea; and the fact that religious faith has always been free has given to our belief in freedom the quality of a faith. Materially, we have been lucky, had advantages, good fortune; and the fact that material well-being steadily increased and widened has contributed to the creation of our messianic myth, our belief in the limitless possibility of historic improvement. Having found for ourselves a political equivalent of grace, we assume other peoples can find it too and now set out to help them. Having been triumphantly victorious in one of the earliest of our truly nationalist wars, we turn hopefully to an internationalism which will make the world safe for beneficent nationalism.

To us, this ideal is new since for us good and new have always been the same—new world, new continent, new nations, new freedom, new democracy, new era, new deal. How different is the western European experience! Politics and religion have seldom until relatively recently been easily adjustable to each other; neither religious nor political freedom has been secure. The struggle for existence and class conflict have been bitter. Technically victorious but actually defeated in the latest of a long series of nationalist wars, the Europeans are skeptical about an internationalism which can make the world safe from malefficient nationalism.

It took the monstrously evil nazi deformation of religion, the subjection of individual religious faith to compulsory worship of the political state itself, to reveal to western Europeans the intimate link between true religious faith and worthy political conviction; and now they find themselves between two messianic internationalisms, one representing a universalism of quasi-religious faith in the boundless possibilities of materialistic progress of the individual and the individual nation, the other a universalism of faith in an anti-religious state religion whose primary tenet is the inexorable materialism of a collectivist world state.

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There may be something new in what Russia stands for, but in the present Russian form most western Europeans would not equate that newness with goodness. And in the American ideal,

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while there is much that is good, there is to them little that is new. In trying to save the old nationalism by a new internationalism, we are on the threshold of a house not remarkably dissimilar from one the Europeans have seen destroyed over their heads. We are about to go through what they have already gone through. Although the materialism of our magnificent machine civilization is ultra-modern, everything non-material about us, our hopes and our ideals, our dreams and our ambitions, our political thinking and feeling, is of the past.

We have no political guilt, they no political grace; but their guilt comes from the sense of responsibility for having tried to make a spiritual out of a political grace. Unlike the Russians who have faith in man but not in God, both we and the Europeans have faith both in man and in God; both religious, we differ, nevertheless, because we are still trying to secure the political salvation of men by what Koestler would call "change from without" while the Europeans are now trying to discover what "change from within" man himself may put him back on the track of his "wholeness and Holiness."

Even from the point of view of modern science, the American myth with its corollary of infinite human perfectibility and limitless material progress is old-fashioned. The philosophical journalists and religious writers of western Europe whose political orientations would be considered reactionary by most American liberals and progressives are actually more advanced than the writers and journalists of America. For they have noted that the probings of science downward into the miscroscopic and upward into the cosmological have reached a floor and a ceiling; there are limits to man's freedom, imposed not by religion but by the nature of man himself.

The nazis who tried to be supermen ended by being submen; their synthetically deified state destroyed itself; and the lesson to some Europeans is that, after all, there is an order of nature, that reason without faith is less than half a man and reason against faith only a shred of man, that the religious conception of the relation between the human and the divine is consonant with the ultimate scientific conception of man himself.

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Men have always studied, either from the religious or the scientific viewpoint, the nature of man's seemingly permanent aggression against man. Marxism is one of the answers, Freudianism another, the Protestant views of man, society and God which largely underlie the morality of American democracy, still another. The class war which for several generations has exacerbated the problem of nationalism and which now looms behind the competition of America and Russia, is an expression in politics and economics of two conflicting answers, of two methods of coping with the problem of peace by "change from without." But, the writers of the new philosophical and religious currents in Europe ask, is that the central conflict? Is the struggle of man against man for material well-being or profit the central fact, the deepest level of conflict; or is that, too, merely the expression of a struggle within man himself? There can be no doubt that material insecurity tends to produce emotional insecurity, but there is also grave doubt whether material security does of itself assure emotional security.

The great English poet Keats once said that the great capability of the man of achievement was that "of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts without any irritable reaching after fact and reason." Have we not made a fetish of material security without delving fully into the nature of the human need for security? Have we not reached after fact and reason on the false assumption that they could and would clear up the uncertainties, mysteries, doubts with which the ordinary man cannot comfortably live? May not the war of man against man in all of its forms be at bottom a struggle between one part of man and the external projection of another part of himself?

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If so, may we not be reaching in the wave of preoccupation "with natural evil and with a sense of shared guilt" some variant of original sin? Possibly it is in some way connected with the cumulative effect upon man's psyche or spirit of a century of progressively increasing mechanized materialism. Freud has had valuable comments to make on the harmful effects of modern civilization on the son-father relationship, but practically nothing useful on the man-God relationship. Nor has he provided any clues to the political aspects of what might be called the problem of evil. Frenchmen, in particular, are concerned with this problem because large numbers of Frenchmen betrayed their country in thought if not in deed, and did so without a trace of a logical rationale or a material incentive. In betraying France, they betrayed themselves; they surrendered to evil.

Why? In Germany, once a Christian country, many men went even farther; they surrendered not only to evil but to death; in the German national suicide, there were countless individual suicides. Why? All the practical, reasonable answers are inadequate. Yet the men who are seeking in themselves for the answers to these and many similar questions ultimately make a greater contribution to peace not only within man himself but also in the world than the men who are writing the great charters of peace and security.

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Roxana

T. D. LYONS

"GREEK: RHOXANE, DERIVED TROM THE AVESTAN, BEING THE LANGUAGE OF THE AVESTA, IN WHICH IT IS SPELLED ROAXSHNA, SIGNIFYING BRILLIANT. IN FRENCH: ROXANE. LATIN: ROXANA. CF. ROXANA, WIFE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT."—DICTIONARY.

IN DAKOTA territory, women's names followed a well-defined pattern, such as Mary Ann, Jane, Maggie and Libbie. The strange combinations of today taken from the movies were unknown (fortunately) and would have been then and should be now the objects of violent derision. The theater, in Dakota, did not attract great stars like Richard Mansfield; but in Chicago, I sat in the second gallery and enjoyed his rendition of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and for the first time in my life heard of the name "Roxane." Later, a most gifted lecturer, Dr. Henry Austin Adams, gave a two-hour discussion of the play, before the student body in Washington Hall, at Notre Dame, and analyzed the character of the "blue-stocking heroine," who, of course, fell in love with the handsome fellow, Christian, and overlooked Cyrano until too late. These two events gave me a certain familiarity with the word or name "Roxane." Henry Austin Adams instructed us in the etymology and told of Roxana, the wife of Alexander the Great. I did not hear the name mentioned again until a hot August day in Tulsa, in our law offices in the old First National Building, at Second and Main (now torn down).

When we got the big John T. Milliken fee, we discussed various investments, such as oil leases, royalties and good close-in Main Street corners, but with the lawyer's bent for quarantining himself against making any money, we spent almost the entire fee in a totally different manner. We bought the entire Reporter System from the West Publishing Company, the L. R. A., old and new series, the Trinity series, the Federal Reporters, the Lawyers Edition of the Supreme Court of the United States Reports, the Federal Cases, Wignore on Evidence, Greenleaf on Evidence, and every textbook or set of books that my law partner could hear of, from the affable and genial lawbook salesmen who made our offices their headquarters for a full month. The thousands of volumes required new bookcases. The new bookcases required a complete set of new office furniture, fine mahogany desks and the biggest library table in the State of Oklahoma. This, of course, necessitated the expansion of our office space, and we rented many additional rooms, had partitions removed, and only stopped expanding, as Charlie Page said, when the money ran out. Mr. Page commented on our financial stupidity and reminded us that we won the big case with law gathered from a printed pamphlet. James Cottingham, the general attorney for the Santa Fe, had previously appointed us counsel for the railroad, and was very proud of the new office. However, he expressed his view that it was more suitable for a state library than for private practitioners, since the subscriptions to new volumes would run into hundreds of dollars monthly. We, ourselves, were convinced that we had not shown very good judgment, from an investor's standpoint, but consoled ourselves with the idea that we had gratified our whim.

However, the big office and the fine library eventually were an important factor in getting us some really important business. One very hot afternoon in August, we were busily engaged in drafting the articles of incorporation for the Sand Springs Home, the great charitable enterprise which Charles Page had founded with the million dollars he received from Commodore E. C. Benedict and associates for his Glenn Pool leases. We had other important matters and were using the services of eight stenographers and working every night in the hot summer weather, until 10:30 p.m. We were under something of a strain with the large office business and heavy court dockets and were slightly annoyed when our good friend and client, Wallace N. Robinson, the owner of the Hotel Tulsa, called us on the telephone and said that there were two very important gentlemen in the president's suite at the hotel, who desired both of us to come immediately to the hotel, to consult with them. We rather brusquely rejected this invitation, but one of them, who introduced himself as Richmond Levering, took the phone, and to a certain degree apologized for peremptorily summoning us to the hotel. He explained that his associate, as he termed him, was a titled Englishman, and that in England it was the custom for lawyers to come to the residence or office of the client. He then asked if he and his associate could interview *both members of the firm,* if they came over to our office, and wanted to know how long we would be in the office. My law partner told him rather curtly that we had a great deal of important business which was pressing, that we were in the habit of being in the office until 10:30 p.m., and that we didn't turn anybody away, although our interviews with prospective clients were necessarily somewhat short.

Mr. Levering appeared promptly and introduced us to a foreign looking gentleman, who styled himself, while in Tulsa, Mr. Marcus S. Abrahams, although he pronounced his name Abrams, and omitted the "Sir" which we understood he was entitled to use. Levering told us, later, that Abrahams was a brother-in-law of the

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Lord Mayor of London. They stated that they were entering into a contract for the purchase of producing oil properties, for a consideration of approximately one million dollars, and were, of course, doing a certain amount of investigating, before employing lawyers. It was evident that the office and the library made an impression, and after a few minutes conversation, Mr. Levering asked if they might have the services of one of our stenographers, and he dictated a cable signed by Mr. Abrahams, advising that they had employed our firm as attorneys in the new venture. The telegram was addressed to H. W. A. Deterding, St. Helen's Court, London, England. We immediately called up the attorneys for the vendor, and before midnight, that day, had completed the draft of a contract of purchase which was duly signed, and on the following day, began the examination of approximately fifty abstracts of title. The contract provided that the conveyances should be made to the nominee of Marcus S. Abrahams. It was decided that we should proceed to organize an Oklahoma corporation, to take the assignments. The question of the name of the corporation delayed the matter for two or three days, and finally we accepted an invitation to visit the hotel suite, and had the pleasure of having tea with our clients and of meeting the wife of Marcus S. Abrahams. It developed that the invitation really proceeded from the desire of this lady to interview us as to the name of the new corporation. When we told her that practically the only limitation on the selection of a name was the matter of the use of the same name by a corporation which had already been organized, she immediately showed signs of pleasure and animation. She then stated that she had been given the privilege of naming the new corporation, and she desired the name to be "Roxana," informing us that this was the name of the wife of Alexander the Great. We proceeded to call the office of the Secretary of State, on long distance, and immediately secured the information that the name had not been used for an Oklahoma corporation, and that night the articles of incorporation duly signed went forward, providing "that the name of this corporation shall be Roxana Petroleum Company."

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Richmond P. Levering, as we learned from him, and from some other oil men who were acquainted with him, had been a great figure in the international petroleum trade. He had made and lost fortunes, and could lecture by the hour on what he termed the four grand divisions of the oil business, to wit: production, transportation, refining and marketing. He had a truly encyclopedic knowledge, and sat with us around the office, many hot August nights, indulging in his favorite whim of delivering lectures on the oil industry.

When the question of the issuance of the shares of stock of the new company came up, Mr. Levering asked us a question which indicated his surprise at our limited knowledge of international oil business.

He said, "Is it possible that you men don't know who your client is?"

We said, "We certainly do not."

He said, "Then I'll tell you," and he took a pencil and wrote the following: "Royal Dutch Shell Group, consisting of (1) the Royal Dutch Company, for the exploitation of oil wells in the Netherlands East Indies, a corporation having its office at the Hague; (2) Shell Trading and Transport Company of London, Limited."

My law partner immediately gave Mr. Levering a vary prolonged, blank stare, which he interpreted as amazement over the fact that we were representing such a powerful financial group. However, he was speedily undeceived, as my partner said to me:

"Well, I know of course that you have given some attention to Article 22 of the Oklahoma Constitution as to the ownership of Oklahoma lands by aliens."

Mr. Levering immediately called for Mr. Marcus S. Abrahams, and they dictated a long, explanatory telegram to Mr. Deterding, at London, as to the question which had presented itself. Then, we received in the course of the next two or three days a peremptory cable from Mr. Deterding, asking us to cable him a one thousand word opinion on the subject. This, we finally did, and under Oklahoma decisions decided that the ownership of the corporate stock by the Royal Dutch Shell Group was not prohibited by the laws of Oklahoma, and that the company could proceed. Accordingly, the titles were taken and the company entered upon a successful career. Before becoming an oil producer in the Mid-Continent Field, Mr. Deterding took the precaution, of which we learned later, of having our one thousand word opinion carefully checked by eminent international lawyers in New York, and we were considerably flattered when we saw their telegram of approval, at a later date.

Henry Clay Pierce, president of the Pierce Petroleum Corporation, when we were in St. Louis, on some business for his company, congratulated us on our new connection. He said that he had been acquainted with the Royal Dutch Group, for many years, since both his company and a Royal Dutch subsidiary had for years been large producers in Mexico. He said, "They are very fine people, but they have adopted some English business customs which at

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times seem strange to Americans." He said, "Their field superintendent in the Panuco Fields was a very efficient Texan named Bill Jones.

"I had known him at Houston, and on one occasion I visited with him in Tampico, shortly after he had gone into his employment by the Dutch Shell. I, of course, inquired as to how he liked the new job, and he said it was very fine as to pay and treatment, but one episode had disturbed his equilibrium. They had the misfortune of having a very bad pipeline break. Bill Jones loaded men and machinery on a train of flatcars and gave the engineer orders to pull at top speed for the scene of the pipeline break, which, of course, was covering the surrounding country with thousands of barrels of oil, at a great loss to the company. When they got to a little Mexican railroad station, about four miles from the scene of the break, the engineer stopped the train. Bill Jones was badly mystified, and got one of his Mexican assistants to give the engineer what was in effect a good cussing. The Mexican engineer very promptly pointed to an Englishman, high in company affairs, who he said had given him the orders. Bill Jones immediately took the matter up with another Englishman, who had still greater authority; this man agreed with Bill and sympathized with his grievance and his angry irritation over stopping the train when they had almost reached the point where they could begin repairing the pipeline break. The Englishman who had given the engineer the orders stated that they stopped at this station, in order to have tea. Bill Jones restrained his just exasperation and temptation to conduct a first-class cussing match, as he said, and appealed again to the man whom he called the higher-up Englishman. In a deprecatory manner the latter said, "Well, Mr. Jones, it will make but a few minutes delay and the English employees are expecting their tea, and after all, Mr. Jones, the tea had been arranged for." Mr. Jones said that it took him many weeks to recover from the grouch occasioned by this episode, but that he had learned that it was no use to try to get between the Englishman and his four o'clock tea."

(The second part of this two-part article will appear next week.)

The Stage & Screen

Alla Nazimova

NAZIMOVA died Friday, July thirteenth, in Hollywood, and I want especially to mark this in this column, not only out of news and sadness, but also gratitude. I think of all actors she was, certainly to my generation of apprentices, the most intensely studied and quoted. Indeed, I wish I had all her procession at my fingertips so as to be able to draw definitions and conclusions; but I can remember very little of the early movies: somehow a long still with clouds of dark hair pinned by falling blossoms which must have been "Camille"; and one of my childhood friends taking always the same pose in the game of living-statues: one leg raised precariously back from the knee, the opposite hand dangling a bunch of imaginary grapes, a solemn look of long yearning on an early face. This was no doubt from a "Bacchanale" of the pre-twenties, and hard to hold, although sensational. Easier memories will be the Christine of "Mourning Becomes Electra," the figure in a black-emerald gown, reined on the steps of the destined mansion; and the incredible "Ghosts" where her quiet purling of a "scream blue" ball of wool unnerved me completely, while the reading, "I will be patient . . . (long beat and drop) . . . and cheerful . . ." built the final terrible curtain more inevitably than any shrill, fluttering *brouhaha* might have done.

But before this, as a student in the last year of the Civic Repertory, and in intervals between hauling in a taxi through the town a wonderfully expanding so-called stunted pig named *Phoebe* to the portals of "Alice in Wonderland," I was able steadily to regard the "Lyubov Andreyevna" of "The Cherry Orchard" for as many performances as it was given, and to mark its distinctness. It is true, certainly the part will never be as inevitably done; it was played as written: a woman as the wind turns, the air shapes. And its infinitesimal variations were effected immediately the curtain rose, when the humor of the house was taken and judged. These variations—solely of tempo and weight, never of reading—directly established that "area of communication" where the player plays as much *from* as *to* the house; where the play is wholly experienced, gathered, rather than attended. Here, the very volatility of the character gave access to the most extraordinary voice-range to be heard, I should say, on our stage. Plucked in an arpeggio of notes possible to no instrument but only to a passionate, most human voice; punctuated by gestures of the smallest, most precise hands I have ever seen; and reared as much by long, placed, silences; the character, the scene, the time grew. Outside the main window where a paper branch of cherry blossoms was exactly tacked, invariably the whole crew of stagehands and technicians gathered every night and the two afternoons. The audience was all-over.

I am uncertain whether such a list of facts (small histories) can constitute a tribute. But I wish it may. It is due.

Marinka

I FEEL there is nothing to be said for or against this midsummer offering of Jules L. Leventhal and Harry Howard. It is merely dull. And large. A crisscross plot retells the *Mayerling* story with an intended emphasis on the funny, but regrettably the ruse doesn't work. People like Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, and Romo Vincent sing sturdily, and Luba Malina, in very pink pink, manages to vitalize those sections of the show given

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over to her. Leonard Elliott is also, I think, interesting, working again with a good bit of style and no material at all. Reinhold Schunzel's characterization of the old Emperor was quite startlingly good. Of course, the crux of this sort of thing is the music. At present, affairs in Europe being what they are, the progressions of "old Vienna" and the incessant doings at "Frau Sacher's" are no longer apt to hold up without benefit of the waltz, or without some lilt and glide and gaiety. This, however, they did not receive at the hands of Emmerich Kalman, the composer. He has contrived little more than a great woof of notes and numbers which is neither joyous nor memorable. Certainly any exercise in nostalgia is a difficult one to manage publicly. No one cares to consider, nor wants to remember, anything that is not perfect. Especially when it has been done perfectly so many times before. (*At the Winter Garden.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

On the Towns

WHEN a movie is as good as *"Anchors Aweigh,"* one pulls for it to be perfect. The film is a light concoction of pleasant music and surprises that furnish some of the best entertainment of the season. Its script by Isobel Lennart bubbles with *joie de vivre* and bright wisecracks; and George Sidney, realizing that this is no document of social significance, has directed the whole piece with an effervescence appropriate to a story about a couple of sailors on leave. Biggest surprise of all is the nice performance by Frank Sinatra as the shy sailor who was a Brooklyn bookworm. Not so big a surprise because he has done it before, but never better, is Gene Kelly's amusing performance as the other sailor on the loose. Gene definitely knows his way around, and Frankie, referring to him as a sea wolf, thinks Gene owes him something because Gene once saved his life. So the bashful one, with the look of a startled faun, insists that the bold one, with the look of a wolf on the prowl, be his mentor and find him a girl. They advance on Hollywood where Gene knows a babe named Lola. But Gene never gets to Lola. The boys, not too cheerfully, find themselves playing nursemaid to a cute youngster who wants to be a sailor. When Frankie sees the kid's Aunt Susan (played and sung with charm by Kathryn Grayson) he decides that she's the girl for him; and Gene goes to work as John Alden. Before the finale, by which time Frank realizes he prefers a Brooklyn blonde who speaks his own language, we have a series of song and dance numbers that put this musical in a class by itself.

Sinatra fans get more than their money's worth; his songs are not only sung well, but whenever possible a note of humor is added for the pleasure of those who are not bobby-sockers. His version of Brahms's "Lullaby" lulls Susan's nephew to sleep and even makes Kelly curl up in a trundle bed. Gene and Frankie do a couple of duets that put zest in the score; their parody on "If You Knew Susie" should make a new hit of that old song. Kathryn Grayson also sings several numbers that help to brighten this bright picture. But if any one person steals the show, it is Gene Kelly who created all the dance sequences and dances in them to perfection. Accompanied by Sinatra, or by the lovely little Mexican child who never changes her dead-pan expression, or by a cartoon mouse in one amazing sequence, Kelly nimbly moves in a style of his own that is a treat to watch. The episode in which the carefree sailor dances with animated drawings is a sheer delight and succeeds (where Disney didn't in "The Three Caballeros") in making sense and fun out of the idea of combining cartoons and live figures. If "Anchors Aweigh" errs on any one point, it is in having too much of a good thing. The picture is too long, too surfeited with attractions. Although Jose Iturbi, playing himself, fits into the plot as conductor and pianist, the musical numbers featuring him slow up the action. The scene in the Hollywood Bowl, with Iturbi and his little prodigies playing pianos like mad, may be good music, but it's bad cinema. There is, however, one Iturbi sequence that I wouldn't omit for anything: while the master plays Tchaikovsky, Frank throws him that hungry Sinatra look and condescendingly informs him that his playing isn't bad. Perhaps one of the Kelly numbers could be cut. As beautiful as is his romantic Spanish dance, particularly in color (the technicolor is excellent throughout the film) this entire episode might well be eliminated for it slows up the picture and adds footage where it's least needed. Perhaps Producer Joe Pasternak tried too hard to please everybody. In any case (and in spite of its length and having one of the most sensational personalities of the decade in his cast) his production is outstanding. "Anchors Aweigh" is an achievement of sparkling freshness that calls for cheers.

"You Came Along" is about three fliers who step out in a series of towns. In the first half of the film, they are very merry, very gay, very tired; they have just returned from two years of war horrors and they seem to be trying to make up for lost time by acting like fun-loving rovers who just discovered sex. As the central figures in a nation-wide bond tour, they are guided by a young woman from the Treasury Department who is more annoyed than amused at their wolfish pranks and whistling at passing girls. Inevitably (because this rôle is played by Lizabeth Scott, a newcomer with a husky voice and an engaging personality instead of another pretty face) the boys are attracted to her. By the time the tour, going from East to West, reaches Iowa, the major (Robert Cummings) has a slight advantage over his close pals (Don DeFore and Charles Drake) not only because he outranks them, but because the girl prefers him. Then suddenly the film changes in the midst of a laugh. The girl learns that all this gaiety is a cover up: the major has a serious blood disease and only two months to live. His two friends are helping him live gayly and without thinking. From this point, the picture is on the sad side—with a poignant wedding scene in California and a pathetic, short honeymoon on Long Island. Scriptwriters Robert Smith and Ayn Rand devoted their energies in the later scenes thinking up devices so that the major could keep his wife from knowing about his impending death and so that she could keep him from knowing that she knows. The results get involved and far-fetched; and the finale, with the other two boys con-

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soling her and everyone being very brave after the major's death, is pretty saccharine. In spite of Hal Wallis's good production and Director John Farrow's efforts to get realism and movement into this talky film, the total effect is rather artificial. The don't-ever-grieve-me theme and the laughter-through-tears stuff become too obvious and theatrical. This is a subject that requires handling with a very deft hand; and I can't remember any movie that managed it better than that film of some fifteen years ago based on "Nikki and Her War Birds."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Addendum on Detroit

LAST WEEK'S remarks on labor trouble in Detroit gave, of necessity, a far from complete picture. It is only fair to the employers to add the obvious reminder that sin and stupidity do not appear exclusively on the upper crust. These qualities know no class, as everyone knows who has studied his catechism with even the most frivolous indifference.

There is, for example, the troublesome matter of wildcat strikes. Sometimes the provocation is more than considerable. Grievance machinery in many plants is still in the age of steam. There is also the unwillingness of management to submit to the decisions of an impartial arbitrator or to grant union officials the disciplinary power over the workers which only a closed shop can provide. These things naturally contribute to the wildcats.

You must admit it's a tough job for the labor leaders. Their membership is largely green to industry and even greener to trade unionism. But the main difficulty lies in that same struggle for leadership within the Auto Workers' Union between the Addes and Reuther factions. In many locals the balance of power is so delicate that local leaders are simply afraid to alienate votes by cracking down on wildcat strikers as they should. And opposition leaders of the more irresponsible type are only too happy to build up their followings by championing some minor complaint and blowing it up to strike dimensions.

The final effect is definitely not good for labor, or for anybody. There is only one way to cure it—more courage on the part of union officials, more faith in the common sense of the majority of their members, more resistance to the irresponsibles.

The B2H1 Labor Bill

As a result of the famous B2H2 resolution on international organization, Senators Ball of Minnesota and Burton of Ohio, Republicans, and Senator Hatch, Democrat, of New Mexico, won themselves a national reputation as progressives in the field of foreign policy. They have now introduced an ambitious bill to overhaul and rebuild national labor policy, and the labor movement, speaking with the strange voice of unanimity, has been trying hard to give them a new reputation as violent reactionaries. (Senator Hill of Alabama, the other H, says he agrees with the new bill, but didn't have time to join in its drafting.)

William Green, AFL, calls the bill "a straightjacket." Phil Murray, CIO, labels it a "most bald-faced attempt to destroy labor unions." John L. Lewis, United Mine Workers, raises his eyebrows in sheer horror and dismisses it as "a cleverly designed ripper bill which would decapitate the Wagner Act, the LaGuardia-Norris anti-labor injunction act and regiment American workers. . . ."

There is no question but that the B2H1 bill, in its present form, should be smothered as quickly as possible. Perhaps the highly emotional reaction of labor's spokesmen will have that effect. It is quite possible, however, that it will simply irritate a lot of those middle-of-the-road Congressmen who hold the balance of power. And labor has irritated more than enough middle-roaders already. The situation calls for less abuse and more logic.

As a matter of fact, what makes B2H1 particularly dangerous is exactly the fact that it is not an out-and-out anti-labor "ripper bill." In fact, it is one of the few bills introduced in Congress that is neither exclusively pro-labor nor pro-employer, but which at least makes an attempt to handle the problem from the point of view of the public interest. This attempt is bungled, unintelligent and badly compromised by a strong pro-employer element, but nevertheless it is there and deserves to be met with something better than pure green bile.

A tip-off on B2H1 is that it was prepared by the Committee to Promote Industrial Peace, headed by Donald Richberg, a retired New Dealer; financed by S. A. Fels, a retired soap manufacturer; and composed mainly of obscure lawyers and businessmen who might be described as liberal in a quiet, safe sort of way. Another tip-off is that the bill's framers seem rather proud of the fact that they did not consult any labor leaders or trade unionists in the 18 months they were drawing up the bill.

Here are some random observations on B2H1:

(1) The provision for compulsory arbitration in disputes involving coal and oil is clearly necessary in wartime and might well have been passed several years ago, but in peacetime the case for it simply doesn't justify sacrifice of the right to strike. This is not to deny that compulsory arbitration for public utilities, and possibly milk supply, is necessary and would, in fact, mean a net gain for labor, since most responsible labor leaders admit that the right to strike does not exist in such cases.

(2) Compulsory arbitration for disputes involving interpretations of an existing contract might be a good idea. Most of the better contracts provide for an impartial arbitrator to decide such cases. Why not make it legal? The difficulty, as usual with arbitration laws, is: how will the arbitrator be chosen? Could the union be sure of a square deal? If not, no soap.

(3) The provision for requiring a union to represent 75 percent before it can get a closed shop, with 60 percent explicitly endorsing it, may be justified. Open mind on this one. Labor would be more receptive, however, if the closed shop were then compulsory on demand.

(4) The business of scrapping the Wagner Act and starting from scratch is no good. It would mean another ten years of hide-and-seek, push-and-pull in the courts, and labor has already had enough of that to drive it stark, staring mad. Any amendments should be additions to the Wagner Act, not organic changes. Labor is simply not going to stand for losing the Wagner Act, no matter what the substitute. It's too precious.

(5) The new definition of interstate commerce, making it easier for employers to escape, and the exemption of firms with less than 20 employees are just sheer pro-employer nonsense. The problem is how to reach more employers, not less.

(6) To punish a union for unilateral action by taking

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away its bargaining rights is like sending a petty thief to the electric chair. Or, more appropriately, it is like punishing an employer for similar action by taking away his business. If the authors of B2H1 were really trying to be fair, this provision demonstrates admirably how ignorant they are of the realities of American labor relations.

Senator Wayne Morse, Republican of Oregon, and William Leiserson, two of the more conservative and better-informed of the nation's experts on labor law, have both opposed this bill as bad medicine. Senator Morse has suggested that the government invite labor and industry representatives to meet with federal authorities and work out a decent substitute for B2H1. An excellent idea.

If such a conference is held, it will certainly be the attitude of the labor leaders that the less law the better. The others would be well advised to go along on the same principle. As the American Civil Liberties Union has already recommended, there are only two laws for the regulation of labor unions that are clearly and absolutely necessary. One is that all unions should be open to all comers on reasonable terms. The other is that every union member shall have the right of appeal to some fast-moving public agency when expulsion from the union means loss of job or other painful penalty.

The idea is to make sure that union members enjoy that freedom from fear without which they can neither obtain nor maintain democratic control over their own leadership. If such control fails to correct labor abuses, then it will be time enough to slap on the handcuffs.

Wilson: A Practical Idealist?

JAMES MacGREGOR BYRNE

ON THE jacket of his biography* of Wilson, Mr. H. C. F. Bell writes: "I have really tried to write the sort of book about Wilson that I think he would have wanted to have written about him." A cynic, judging others by himself, upon reading this might exclaim: "How dull and inaccurate that book must be!" But Mr. Bell is not one to hide his subject's weaknesses. He is too sure of Wilson's overall integrity for that. Moreover the next sentence on the jacket gives the key to what the author really means when he speaks of what Wilson would have wanted to have written about him—"He was always so intensely anxious that he be understood by the people." Hence the title of the book.

The biography of a great leader will always be of interest. When that leader is a leader of one of the greatest nations in history and at a time when that nation is passing through an exceedingly critical period, then his story assumes a significance it would not otherwise have. However, the particular fascination of Wilson's life lies in the fact that he at all times embodied the purest ideals of American democracy. A great faith in the people, and in their innate good judgment and good will, a faith he never lost despite considerable cause at times for developing doubts, was his most characteristic trait. Time and time again he would appeal over the heads of his advisers directly to the people themselves, and not only to the American people, but also once, when he found Orlando unresponsive, to the Italian people, and on another occasion to the Russian people although there was little chance of his words getting through to more than a handful of them. Perhaps if radio broadcasting had been developed sooner Wilson might have had his way about the League. At all events, he believed implicitly and unconditionally in the ideal of self-government for his people and for the people of all nations, and throughout his life he worked untiringly for the realization of this ideal.

Men of action always derive great satisfaction and pleasure from seeing a man of theories—whether he be a political commentator, a literary critic or a university professor—in the position of having to put his theories into practice. The latter often flounders woefully when it comes to doing something and not merely criticizing others. Principles have a nasty tendency to conflict with one another, and an honest man who wishes to base all his actions on principle frequently, when obliged to act, finds himself paralyzed from indecision.

Wilson was in this respect a most unusual case. Brought up in an atmosphere of Godliness and study, it was as a moralist and a theorist that he first made his mark. Throughout his life he retained an ascetic and academic air. His political mentors, hardened as they were by many years of experience in the cauldron of public life, felt confident that they would be able to lead and control this highfalutin' greenhorn and use him merely as window-dressing to attract votes. But they created what to some of them must have seemed a Frankenstein monster and their disappointment as he continued to appeal over their heads was comic. No one could have been more surprised than these hardened professionals to see that moralizing and theorizing could actually produce results—and what results! Thomas K. Finletter, in his "Can Representative Government Do the Job?" says that "Woodrow Wilson's administration in its early stages broke all records—in peacetime—in the making of great national policies by presidential leadership." It is because theory and practice are so intimately related in Wilson life that the study of his policies is so rewarding.

Although dealing largely in principles involving the general welfare, as that was Wilson's primary concern, the author does not forget to provide us with vivid portraits of those surrounding Wilson, nor does he omit the colorful details and humorous anecdotes which, though they may appear trivial to over-serious people, when well selected can reveal history's design more aptly than hours of discourse. Like Wilson, his biographer is obviously a man of culture and conscience and as such is well able to appreciate the moral and intellectual dilemmas which confronted his subject.

One of the first great conflicts of principles with which Wilson was confronted, and the one which tormented him most, was the issue of our entrance into the war. To the principle that peace is desirable there is a limitation, namely, that peace *at any price* is not desirable. Judging

*Woodrow Wilson and the People. H. C. F. Bell. Doubleday. $3.00.

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from his public statements, Wilson for a long time was either incapable or unwilling to recognize the validity of the above-mentioned limitation. His resulting confusion caused him to advance the very un-Wilsonian suggestion that the nation should suspend the exercise of any moral sense, viz.: "We must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb on our sentiments . . . this great country of ours . . . should show herself . . . a Nation that neither sits in judgment upon others nor is disturbed in her own counsels"; and to make the nauseating assertion that "There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight," and the misleading one that "force will not accomplish anything that is permanent." Before long he was calling for "Force, Force to the utmost, Force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant Force which shall make Right the law of the world."

This and many other battles in the fields of education, industrial relations, banking, commerce, governmental powers and organization are briefly but intelligently discussed by his biographer. As a single example, it is interesting to note that in the field of education Wilson anticipated the St. John's College reaction (which has attracted so much attention recently) against the "elective system"—and warned that the imitation of methods of the natural scientists by men in other branches of learning had caused "a certain great degeneracy" leading to "agnosticism in religion, scientific anarchism in the field of politics." Training for public service should have a moral basis—"If [a college] give [its students] no vision of the true God, it has given them no certain motive to practice the wise lessons they have learned." This in 1896.

However, it is of course in the field of foreign affairs that this book possesses a special timeliness, for many of the issues which faced us after the last war face us again today. Familiarity with continental history and a profound understanding of British character and the factors underlying British foreign policy (which after all in a biographer of Palmerston is to be expected) enables the author to present a true and balanced picture of the peace negotiations. Although in general students today approve of the major principles which guided Wilson at the peace table, there is a growing belief that at least one of Wilson's key policies, namely that of "self-determination" of peoples, was founded on a partially false principle, and far from leading to the settlement of international disputes not only caused them to proliferate but has even stimulated internal unrest by arousing new regional aspirations to sovereignty. One cannot help but regret that Mr. Bell does not touch on the pros and cons of this matter.

★

Another even more regrettable omission is the lack of any account of Wilson's early life. This biography begins with Wilson's inauguration as president of Princeton. Wordsworth was by no means the only precursor of Freud's to realize that "the child is father of the man." One feels that one can never really know a person well unless one can picture him in his youth. However, the

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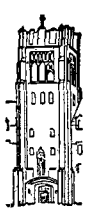

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literature on Wilson has grown to such immense proportions that no great difficulty will be encountered in finding data on his early years elsewhere.

There is a much quoted dictum of Lord Acton's to the effect that "Powers always corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Wilson never held anything resembling absolute power, but he did most certainly at times wield a very considerable degree of power. There is some evidence that towards the end of his life, although his faith in "the people" never wavered, his greatest defect, a tendency to self-righteous pride, became more accentuated and his faith in *persons* diminished. Was this a sort of corruption induced by the possession of power? At any rate this quality in his character, which at times caused him to judge others a little too harshly, was not an attractive one, and from the cold and superior manner he assumed in his dealing with Orlando, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and other representatives at Versailles, including his own advisers, one might have supposed that he alone had any ideals.

His biographer can afford to exercise a greater charity, and while outspoken in his condemnation of those guilty of frankly unethical conduct, display a calm moderation in appraising the motives of those surrounding Wilson, be they friend or foe. He possesses a keen appreciation of the customs of American politics, a vivid sense for the dramatic, and an excellent style, and these, together with the other faculties already mentioned, provide the tools and material which have enabled him to construct a most intelligent and absorbing biography of a man whose great faith in popular self-government was best borne out by his own greatness.

More Books of the Week

Mitri or the Story of Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin. Daniel Sargent. Longmans. $3.50.

THE Russian-born, German-educated Prince D. A. Gallitzin, who became the "Apostle of the Alleghanies" has been a neglected figure in American history. The early biographies of Hayden (1845-69), Lemcke (1861) and Sarah Brownson (1873) do not satisfy modern demands for a historical biography. Various documents concerning Gallitzin have meanwhile been published in the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society and in *American Catholic Researches*. A great many articles in magazines and newspapers have opened new points of view especially on the occasion of his centenary in 1940. On this occasion the Reverend Joseph C. Plumpe of the Catholic University of America published a translation of Lemcke's old German biography, adding very valuable critical notes. But the need for an up-to-date biography remained.

Daniel Sargent and this reviewer did, independent of each other, some research work for this task. Daniel Sargent won the race. While this reviewer, burdened with his professional work, is still in the preparatory stage, Longmans has brought out Sargent's work in a beautifully printed volume of three hundred twenty-seven pages.

Sargent has been able to enrich our knowledge of Gallitzin's life by using some hitherto unknown source

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material, especially from the archives of the Diocese of Altoona, Pennsylvania, the archives of Saint Mary's Seminary, Roland Park, Maryland, and the archives of Saint Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pennsylvania. He has also used some printed material, not easily accessible to the average biographer, to throw new light upon the hero of his book.

Thus Sargent builds his biography on a solid basis. Unfortunately he is not very methodical in tracing the origin of his knowledge. While he points in his footnotes to many already well-known sources, I find several surprising statements for which he does not give a source. Therefore one is not always sure whether the author keeps strictly to the facts or does some fictionalizing.

The best part of the book is the story of Gallitzin's priestly labors in the Alleghanies. Sargent knows the scene of his work and pictures both the mentality of the early American Church and the rhythm of pioneer life in the mountains with sound realism. While he gives many interesting and enlightening details there are also some strange errors. He presumes, for instance, that Michael McGuire, the patriarch of the settlement on the main ridge of the Alleghanies, was already dead when young Gallitzin came for the first time to McGuire's settlement. But Gallitzin came in October, 1795, while old McGuire died in November, 1796. Such minor errors do not efface the impression that Sargent has caught the atmosphere and many precious details of four decades of life in Gallitzin's parish.

The first part of the book, especially the Russian and German background of Prince Gallitzin, are not on the same high level. It may be that the author was handicapped by his incomplete knowledge of the German language, which is evident from some of his quotations. He does not depict the real atmosphere of the Muenster circle of Mitri's famous mother and he sees her character less realistically than did Lemcke. But the greatest lack in the first part of the book is Sargent's neglect of Plumpe's important publication on Mitri's vocation, published in the Catholic University *Bulletin* for May, 1944 —more than one year before the publication of this book. In this article Dr. Plumpe has taken cognizance of a letter Count Stolberg, the famous German writer, wrote to Mitri's mother from the Island of Ischia under date of August 28, 1792—ten days after the young prince had embarked from Rotterdam and precisely two months before his arrival on our shores. Referring in this letter to Mitri's voyage, Stolberg quoted some lines from Klopstock's famous epic, "The Messias," in praise of the missionary's opportunity to make converts. In the light of this letter, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that young Gallitzin had left Europe with the clear intention of becoming an American missionary. This impression is confirmed by a brief note Stolberg's wife wrote three days later to Mitri's mother stating in a matter of fact manner that "the pious young man now has become a laborer in God's vineyard."

Confronted with this letter it is no longer possible to stick to the old idea that Mitri came to America without any intention of a priestly career and became convinced of his vocation only during his passage or in the very first weeks of his stay in Baltimore. If one accepts this old story in a new biography one has at least to refute Dr. Plumpe's arguments. This is not only a question of historical facts but of psychology. If one probes the problems raised by the Stolberg letter, one

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will come to the conclusion that young Gallitzin was already a much more independent character than his biographers—including Sargent—have believed. Personally I think that the fact of an early vocation is unshakably proved by Stolberg's letter, but that both Stolberg's wife and Professor Plumpe may have come to a hasty conclusion in assuming that Mitri's mother knew and approved his decision. It seems that in the period preceding and following the prince's voyage the relationship between mother and son was not as harmonious as biographers have assumed. His imperious mother complained often enough that he did not confide in her. Such a lack of confidence would also explain the fact that Mitri did not inform her at once of his entering upon theological studies but confessed it only to the Franciscan Schnoesenberg with the express remark that one should confide one's innermost thoughts rather to his confessor than to his parents.

It seems to me that one must understand young Gallitzin's development as resulting from a desire for simplicity and absoluteness in contrast to the high-flown verbosity of his mother and her circle of intellectuals. He was of a harsher nature and he would rather play dumb than parade his sentiments. I suppose that it was this impulse which drove young Gallitzin from old Europe to the New World and here again from a recently established civilization into the pure air of the backwoods. Abhorring the thin atmosphere of the European salons, with their philosophizing and discussions he chose a vigorous, stout-hearted Catholic life among American pioneers as the proper field of his vocation. I think that with such a psychological analysis Sargent's presentation of Gallitzin's work in the Alleghanies would have been still more convincing. But this does not prevent my saying with emphasis that Sargent's book is a valuable contribution to the story of both American pioneer life and early American Catholicism and most readable, though certainly not the definitive biography.

MAX FISCHER.

There Goes My Actor. The Autobiography of a Distinguished Actor's Early Days. Alexander Granach. Translated by Willard Trask. Doubleday. $2.75.

THE animals had so much the larger part of the dwelling quarters that in summer most of the children slept in the barn or even the stable. The house proper had two rooms and one of them was the general store and tea shop. Yet in wintertime when the twelve children and their mother and father all slept indoors, there always seemed to be room too for the latest calf. But then everyone in the village of Werbowitz had small houses and large families. Only the Polish landowner lived in a big house with wooden shingles and he had only two children. In summer, however, there was all outdoors for the children and in winter clean snow for those who were lucky enough to have shoes; one pair served six boys in the family of Aaron Granach. Even the compensation of the fertile Galician countryside vanished when an employment agency persuaded Aaron to move to a factory until the fumes of the sulphur matches began to work such havoc among the child workers that once more they were all piled into carts and taken to Hrodenko where Aaron opened a bakery. Little Isaiah, at six, learned to twist crescents and when the bakery failed—because the hungry Granach boys ate up all the stock—Isaiah ran away from

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home and twelve found him earning his own living and working eighteen hours a day as a journeyman baker's assistant. It was in Lemberg that he first entered a theater and realized it was where he belonged. To be an actor was now his one ambition. He must get to Berlin.

Famous on the Continent before he came to Hollywood, Granach made only one appearance on the New York stage as Tomasino, the fisherman in "A Bell For Adano." He won instant recognition and died shortly afterwards.

It is unfortunate to have to record that the journey to Berlin was only made possible by Isaiah and his friend stealing some of the payroll of the baker, who was the friend's father. The baker later forgave the boys and the theft seemed never to have weighed on their consciences. Once in Berlin, Granach made his way into the Yiddish Theater where an artist noticed the boy and took him to the best speech teacher in Germany who offered to teach him German for nothing. To gain shorter hours of work, Isaiah then switched from baking to polishing coffins and two years later was selected as one of forty out of four hundred candidates for Reinhardt's school where he was the one free pupil. It was for a recitation of Shylock's speech that he won his scholarship. When at last he entered Reinhardt's regular company and played a small part in "Hamlet," he decided he must remedy the knock-knees—the stigma of his child labor—and he persuaded Baron de Gersdorf to lend him the money to have his legs broken and reset. Those were the great days of the theater in Berlin when Reinhardt's name meant more to the young generation than the Kaiser's. But the ugly fog of 1914 soon enveloped Europe. That August an actor fell at Reinhardt's feet, crying, "This beautiful world will be ruined —it is the end." They carried him to his home where he cut his throat with a bit of window pane.

Granach, with all the village of Werbowitz, Ukranians and Jews, had prayed every night for the old Emperor Franz Josef. Granach signed up with the Austrian Army where Jews, Ukrainians, Czechs, Croatians all hated each other and most of all, the Hungarians. Against the Italians they had no animus. In the Tyrol Granach once crept over to the Italian trenches and stole a big bag of provender to the cheers of the starving Austrians. The Italians too, shouted "Bravissimo, Austriaco! Come over here, plenty bread, plenty wine!" But when the Austrians finally accepted the invitation, they came in such numbers that the Italians got into a panic and bolted. Pellmell down the mountain, they all ran together until an Italian officer had the presence of mind to call out "You Austrians are our prisoners!" The prison camp was a fairly cheerful place where the American YMCA provided them with stage equipment and Granach became a producer. He grew restless of confinement, however, and made his escape over the St. Bernard pass into Switzerland.

1918 found him no longer an Austrian and with both Poles and Ukrainians united in not wanting the Jews. His first idea of the distinction between his race and other people had dawned on him one Christmas morning in Werbowitz when he saw all the village—there were one hundred and fifty-four Ukrainian families and four Jewish households—singing their way in procession to the Church. "They kiss images and pray to carved wood," exclaimed his Mama. She was steeped herself

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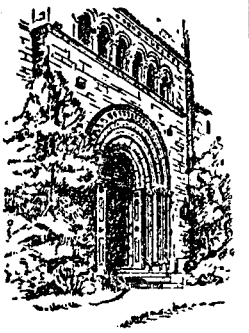

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Next Week

OUR DEMOCRATIC IDEAL, by Justice Frank Murphy, is a strong plea for the resolution of those internal conflicts which threaten the American future. While warning of the destructive doctrines and attitudes which endanger the realization of our democratic ideal in the postwar years, Justice Murphy stresses the importance of affirming our positive objectives and of taking the steps needed to bring them to fruition. These remarks took the form this week of a commencement address at Bennington College, but they have such wide import that the editors welcomed the opportunity to publish them in next week's issue.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, by J. E. Powers, is an able analysis of the American who expressed most poignantly, perhaps, the disillusionment which came over this country after the last war. Readers of The Commonweal who appreciatively remember Mr. Powers's O. Henry Prize Story, "The Trouble," which we published last November, will look forward to this moving study.

ROXANA, II, by T. D. Lyons, is the conclusion of the colorful reminiscence which begins on page 379 of this issue.

Also John Cort on labor, stage & screen, books and letters.

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in the superstitions of the Chaddistic sect, but his father lived its mystical piety. His parents were on very friendly terms with their next door Christian neighbors but every once in a while the village would begin to resent the Jews' success as traders. After the war, his older brother decided to return to Werbowitz only to find their old house pulled apart. But the village was already ashamed of the vandalism. "Schakne Eber, your ruined house is like a hole in the heart of the village," cried the old neighbor, "I and my sons will help you rebuild it." So one Granach settled down on his native soil but there is no record in the memoir of what became of him in the dark days after 1937.

Only the theater knew neither racial nor religious distinctions. Granach joined Reinhardt's leading actor, Moissi, in Vienna in 1919 and saw Elizabeth Bergner make her début as Ophelia. When at last he reached Berlin again, he kissed the pillars of the Railway Station. Since boyhood, he had dreamed of playing Shylock. He had imagined Shylock finding his way from Venice to Galicia, where he had left descendants like his father, and he wanted to play him with "the life and strength and sense of justice and human dignity which the genius of Shakespeare had given the black negative figure." He wanted to act Shylock until his positive qualities were revealed and "man could recognize his brother in his fellow man and love him as himself and do not to him what he would not have done to himself." His last line is: "With the years, I will do it better." America now may never see Granach's Shylock, but the indestructible quality of his race lives on in this extraordinary document of a boy whose body knew nothing but hunger, cold, discomfort, dirt and disease and whose spirit dreamed of beauty.

E. V. R. WYATT.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Martin B. Hellriegel. Pio Decimo Press. $1.25.

BEHIND this little book of explanation of the Holy Mass one finds the strong background of the Christian philosophy of sharing—sharing in the Christ, in His adorable sacrifice, and in His members. Simple drawings are used to illustrate the significance of the explanations; also several schemes and charts. The book is divided into two parts: the Fore-Mass and the Sacrifice-Mass, with further subdivisions into Prayer, Instruction, Offertory, Consecration, and Communion. Here is no mere academic exposé of the parts of the Mass, as one might find in a hand-book of liturgics, but a composite and even dramatic commentary on the texts, the rites, and the religious import of the Great Mystery of Faith. One feels that it has been compiled by a priest who has experienced in his own pastoral life the mighty meaning and effect of Holy Mass on the lives of men.

CONTRIBUTORS

Percy WINNER has spent fourteen years in Europe, about half in Rome and most of the rest in France, Spain, Germany and England. He was correspondent for the Associated Press, the International News Service and the New York Evening *Post*, serving as Foreign Editor for the latter paper for several years. He has since served as London representative of Major General William J. Donovan and then for three years as Deputy Director of the Office of War Information in charge of special field operations.

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